

The most lamentable Tragedie

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.

Demet. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality? (court it
What hast not thou full often stricke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so,
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. Aron thou hast hir it.

Moore. Would you had hit itt too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue.

A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we persee, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:

The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

of *Titus Andronicus*

To villanie and vengeance conf
Will we acquaint with all that we
And she shall file our engines wit
That will not suffer you to square
But to your wishes height aduanc
The Emperours court is like the h
The pallas full of tongues, of ey
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull
There speake, and strike braue b
There serue your lust, shadowed
And reuell in *Lavinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell had smells
Demet. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find
To coole this heat, a charme to call
Per Stigia, per manes Vebor.

Enter *Titus Andronicus* and b
a noyse with bounds an

Titus. The hunt is vp, the mo
The fields are fragrant, and the v
Vncouple heere, and let vs make
And wake the Emperour, and his
And rouse the Prince, and ring a
That all the court may eccho wit
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it
To attend the Emperours person
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe
But dawning day new comfort ha
Heere a cry of houndes, and winde
Saturninus, *Tamora*, *Bassianus*
metrins, and their

Titus. Many good morrowes to y
Madam to you as many and as good
I promised your Grace, a Hunters

To